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# Move over, Stallone; Shultz is here

**F**rankly, I couldn't see the point of it. A movie with Sylvester Stallone playing Rimbaud? The 19th-century French poet?

I could guess the plot — write a sonnet, punch a side of beef, write a sonnet, run 20 miles in your shorts. It sounded ridiculous.

"No, you imbecile," said a friend, "it's 'Rambo' — R-A-M-B-O."

## CAPITAL SKETCH

By S.J. Masty

Stallone goes into Vietnam to kill commies and to free American POWs."

It had a different spelling. I hadn't felt so silly since I saw someone on a televised football game wave a sign saying "We love Franco," and speculated on America's swing to the political right. Apparently there's a football player named Franco.

"It's pretty wild," my friend continued. "But if you want to see the summer's best macho flick, see the one with Secretary of State George Shultz. Everybody at the office loves it." My friend, I add, works at the State Department.

I asked him what the film was like.

"Outta sight," he bumbled. "A lot like Stallone but better. First you hear the music, then you see Shultz working out. Sweat's running off him, muscles are pounding as he approaches the side of beef — just like in 'Rocky'."

"Bam! He hits the beef. Bam!"

He hits it again," said my friend, making the appropriate piston motions.

"Suddenly the side of beef says 'Buzz off.' It's really one of his bodyguards. Shultz puts his glasses back on and apologizes.

"Anyway, he's finally got his assignment, going into Vietnam to rescue POWs. On the plane over, he keeps working out the muscles that his life will depend on, especially the mandibular muscles for extended talking and the gluteal muscles for extended sitting. You can see them flex.

"Also, Shultz has got these crazy weapons, like a real good flashlight and a spoon and wait for it a bulletproof copy of 'Robert's Rules of Order'."

"Sounds tough," I said.

"Sure is," he said approvingly.

"After the airdrop, he meets up with this chick in the Laotian resistance, and she's supposed to be his partner, see? But she won't help him. She says she can't because she's a supporter of Israel and spent her junior year on a kibbutz."

"I hear that other people have the same problem," I said.

"Anyway, Shultz is on his own," said my chum. "He goes creeping through the jungle until he comes to this camp, all full of Viet Cong and Russians.

"Now, Shultz already knows about this, see? He had a briefing which said how the Vietnamese and the Chinese were no longer working together. There's no fooling Shultz.

"Finally, he gets captured by the bad guys, and they take him into this little bamboo room to torture him and make him talk, but Shultz is tough.

"You know what happens?" he asked. "After four hours, the roles are reversed. They're trying to shut him up, but he's still talking. You know, using all those meaningless words from Washington press conferences. Drives 'em nuts."

"Yup," I said.

"After a few hours, they crack under his verbal barrage. He gets them to sign agreements and he escapes. For days, he crawls through the swamps, finally getting to the CIA base in Thailand as our troops rush out to greet him.

"The general asks if he saw any POWs, and Shultz says no. He heard about lots, but he didn't see any.

"What about camps?" asks the general. "No camps neither," says Shultz. He explains that they kept him in this sort of bamboo Holiday Inn, 'cept room service wasn't as good. But it wasn't a camp. He'd been to camp as a child and they had ponies and canoes.

"Well, the general starts shaking his head, but Shultz produces the documents. 'I did good, chief,' he says, 'I didn't get the POWs, but the commies agreed to a round negotiating table.'

"A round table?" asks the general.

"Providing we give millions in aid to communist Mozambique," said Shultz, "and providing we prop up Russia with grain sales and support SAIT II."

"What's the name of this picture?" I asked.

"Dumbo," he said.

I explained that it's been done before.

"The title or the policies?" he asked.

I didn't have the heart to tell him both.